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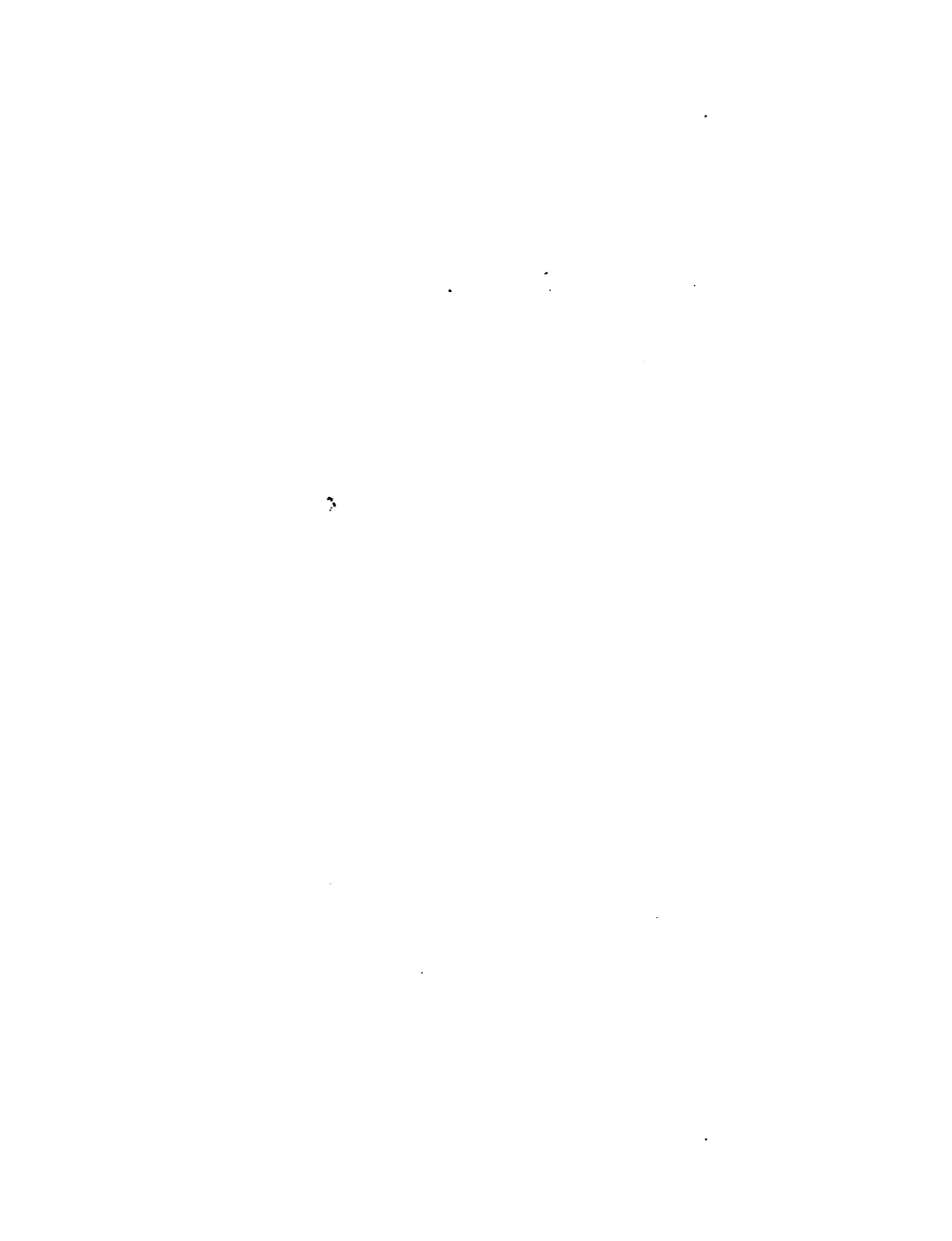
Miss Keates

with love of

Lillian. Hamer.

Chicago

1881



SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

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LILLIAN MARIE HARNICKELL.

MARCH 31, 1881.

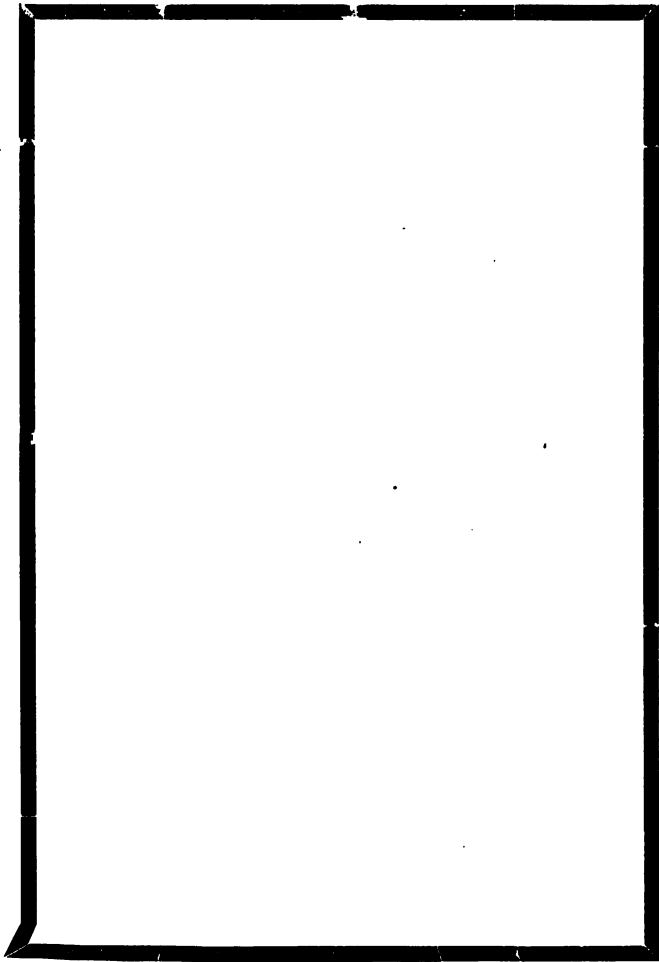
ONLY DAUGHTER OF

MAX and KATE HARNICKELL.

OWEGO, N. Y.

W. SMYTH & SON, PRINTERS AND BINDERS.

1881.



## In Memoriam.

L. M. H.

On the eve of the 31st day of March, 1881, at 10 o'clock, Lillian Marie Harnickell's light went out in this world, only to be more brilliantly relighted in another.

She did not die: anything so beautiful in form, mind, and spirit could not die. She only passed on to that "beautiful home of the soul." It took her many hours to make the journey across the "River of Jordan," but, although she had been a great traveller for one so young, we know she never took a more delightful journey. All the afternoon were the angels of heaven strewing the most beautiful of flowers over the waves which were bearing her frail bark to the shores of the "Land of Light." She repeatedly said to me: "Mamma, I never saw nor imagined there were such beautiful flowers grow, and so many of them, mamma, just as far as I can see." How kind of God, to send these angels, with these lovely flowers, to brighten Lilly's way, as the poor darling had had a hard struggle, for ten long days and nights, trying to be willing to "leave mamma." And, more than that, God even opened the portals of heaven—the gates of gold—that she might catch a glimpse of the beautiful world beyond. Then, too, He had his beloved Son t the entrance, ready to receive my child. I know all this, as, a few hours before her frail life-boat landed on that shining shore, the blessed child's dear little face was suddenly suffused with the holiest of smiles,



and we heard her say, in such a sweet tone of welcome, "My Saviour—my Redeemer." A few hours before this, during the first part of Lilly's journey home, an angel, with the "Book of Gold," came to the darling one, and distinctly we all heard her register her name in full, "Fannie Wilhemina Lillian Marie Harnickell." Thank God for that Book; and may I live so that, in time, the same angel may meet me, and I can register my name directly under that of my sainted child. How thankful I am that God and his angels opened heaven so beautifully that Lillian could see glories sufficient to overbalance the leaving of her mamma. Almost every hour, for many days, had she said, "How gladly would I die, but I cannot leave mamma." When asked if she was afraid to die, she smiled so sweetly and said, "Afraid to die? Oh! no; but I cannot leave mamma." How beautiful, then, must heaven have appeared to have made her go, at last, so happy.

Lilly was several days making preparations for "going home." She thought and spoke of all her friends, gave away her playthings—even thought of her dear old horse, asking me to promise "never to sell Billy." Once, at midnight, when her terrible pain had worn her almost out, she asked me to sing with her a duet (which she always loved to hear, and often requested Aunt Mandane and Cousin Anna to sing), "Jesus, lover of my soul." I tried, but failed; and in a sweet, clear voice—as if singing to angels, instead of her mamma—she sang two verses all through. I believe Pa, Hattie, Charles, and all our loved ones in heaven, heard her. After she had finished, she had a few moments' sleep, the first for many hours. *lill*

For two years and six months this world has had in it one of the fairest and loveliest of beings. I know it cannot help being a better world for having had her, and I know I must

be a better woman for having been the mother of such a child as Lilly Harnickell. She was human and not faultless, but she was such a good child. She loved to read the Bible; she loved to pray; she loved her Sunday school; and oh! how she "loved her mamma." Lilly alone had the power of dispelling the blackest of clouds from her mamma's heart. No matter how low these clouds hung, Lilly would always peep under and find their silver lining. In her last hours she repeatedly asked for pencil and paper to "write papa," but was too weak to do so. Once she wanted to write "poor Aunt Irene."

During the whole of my Lilly's life, it has seemed to be the aim of every one to make her happy. At the last, how her friends clustered about her, and she was so appreciative of all that was done. She never forgot to thank us, and so often said, "Oh! how good you all are to me." Nothing that earthly hand could do, or loving hearts suggest, was left undone for Lilly. "Poor, budding flower, never allowed to bloom," as a cousin said of her.

Again was God's goodness to and love of my child shown. At the last moment, as her frail boat was landing on the other shore, one of God's ministering angels of the earth was at the helm to hand my precious one, from me, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." Nestle close there, darling Lilly, until a few days are gone by, and mamma comes to clasp you again to her breast.

Although my Lilly was very, very ill, there was something unusually sacred during her whole illness. I feel in my heart, as do all that were by her, that every moment spent by her bedside, during those ten days, were holy moments.

"Thou touches us lightly, O God, in our grief,  
But how rough is Thy touch in our prosperous hour!  
All was bright, but Thou camest, so dreadful and brief,  
Like a thunderbolt falling in garden of flowers.

"My children! my children! they clustered all round me,  
Like a rampart which sorrow could never break through;  
Each change in their beautiful lives only bound me  
In a spell of delight, which no care could undo.

"But the eldest! Oh! Father; how glorious she was,  
With her soul looking through her fountain-like eyes;  
Thou lovest Thy first-born, and had I not cause  
The treasure Thou gavest me, Father, to prize?

"But the illy-bed lies beaten down by the rain,  
And the tallest is gone from the place where she grew;  
My tallest! my fairest! Oh, let me complain;  
For life is unroofed, and the tempest beats through.

"I murmur not, Father! My will is with Thee;  
I knew, at the first, that my darling was Thine;  
Had'st Thou taken her earlier, O Father—but see!  
Thou had'st left her so long that I dreamed she was mine.

"Thou hast honored my child by the speed of Thy choice;  
Thou hast crowned her with glory; o'erwhelmed her with mirth;  
She sings up in heaven, with her sweet-sounding voice,  
While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on earth.

"Thou art blooming in heaven, my Blossom, my Pride,  
And thy beauty makes Jesus and angels more glad;  
Saints' mothers have sung, when their eldest-born died,  
Oh, why, my own Saint, is thy mother so sad?

"Oh, forgive me—dear Saviour! on heaven's bright shore,  
Should I still, in my child, find a separate joy;  
While I lie in the light of Thy face evermore,  
May I think heaven bright er, because of *my—LILY.*"

—[Faber's Hymns.

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Remarks of W. H. King, D. D.

Along the path of life we are not unfrequently called to a  
*halt*. We meet with some experience, for the reason of which

we have to wait. And when it is remembered that infinite wisdom plans, an irresistible power executes, and that, over all, presides a goodness transcending all human ability to comprehend, we can afford to wait. That God reigns is enough—all that can be required in any event. Here the baffled intellect, the wounded affections, may find a sacred rest. God's ways may be to us a "great deep;" but, knowing they are wise and good, we can adopt the language of the poet, and say:—

"There is nothing dark below, above,  
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,  
And meekly wait the moment when  
Thy touch shall make all bright again."

It is not claimed that such a view of the government of the affairs of this world will diminish, in the least, the ardor of affection which binds us to kindred, but it must certainly help us to carry the load of grief which comes from separations, and for this reason it seems a proper suggestion on the present occasion.

The event that has called us together, it must be acknowledged, seems to us to involve an irreparable loss, and yet it must be conceded that, rightly interpreted, God's dealings with us mean good, and not evil. We may not see it; it is not necessary nor required that we should: it is enough if we really believe it.

The dear one, who has left us, died young, very—early went to rest; but she lived long enough to win a place in the affections of all who knew her. A mere child in years, but a woman in maturity of thoughtfulness and affection; never, under any circumstance, forgetting herself, in speech or behavior; loving and loved.

If life is to be measured not by years, but by the maturity of the diviner powers in us, we would not deem it extravagant to say, *the life of Lillian was equal to, if not beyond the average of her race.*

We commend her example to the young; and those who loved her so much we commend to the grace of Him who doeth all things in love.

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Remarks by Rev. E. W. Caswell.

I am reminded, to-day, of one of Longfellow's immortal stanzas, where he says:

“There is no death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but the suburb of the life e'lysiian,  
Whose portal we call death.”

A greater than Longfellow, many centuries before, uttered similar strange language, when he said: “Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man keep my saying he shall never see death.” \* \* \* “And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

O! glorious truth, for all sorrowing hearts: “There is no death.” “Christ hath abolished death.” You may enter the dark valley, you may behold the shadow of death, but death has fled forever; he is a vanquished foe, and the Eternal Son is the victor.

Nay, death is transformed from foe to friend. He swings wide his portals, that we may enter the unseen and eternal: he tears off the husks that the golden grain may be garnered: he hands the budding flower to the Gardener of the skies,

that it may bloom in amaranthine beauty; he helps the voyager turn the bend in the river of life. We think they are dead, because unseen; but it's the same river—broadened by glorified vision, and beautified and shaded by the trees of life on either side.

We are all making the same voyage, and will soon pass the point where we last saw our loved ones, and will be permitted to continue the voyage of life in happy union forever.

Surely, if death ever looked like life, it is in the beautiful form before us to-day. Lillian looks as if she had lain down among the flowers to rest and had fallen into a peaceful sleep; and, indeed, that is all it is. Lillian awakes in a Paradise of flowers, while the beautiful form sleeps till the morning cometh.

The earth will not hold in its bosom the mother's treasure—your child went home the hour you thought she died. You may caress the casket: it is all you can see now; but the precious jewel in the hands of Jesus, more beautiful than ever, invites the loved ones heavenward, and, looking unto Him, you will find your treasure there.

Very rarely does one of her tender years so fully comprehend the change which was about to take place; she conversed freely and familiarly about it. At about six o'clock, as if longing to go, she broke out in the triumphant language: "My Redeemer! My Saviour!" A few hours before the imprisoned spirit was freed, her face all radiant with hope, she exclaimed: "O! mamma, what beautiful flowers I see;" and then, feeling the strong tide of child-love for the one dearest of all on earth, she cried out with passionate tenderness: "O! mamma, I'd want to die, if it wasn't for leaving you."

During her last hours she asked her mamma to sing "Jesus, lover of my soul;" but the voice of the dear one was choked with grief, and the heart was too heavy for song, so Lilly

herself broke forth in a clear, full-toned voice, and sang to the tune *Refuge*:

“Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly;  
While the nearer waters roll—  
While the tempest still is high!  
Hide me, O! my Saviour, hide  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe unto the haven guide,  
O, receive my soul at last.”

In a little while the happy spirit of Lillian had reached the hiding-place—the bosom of eternal love, clasped in everlasting arms.

May the stricken mother, whose soul is riven with this swift and piercing sorrow, find strong consolation in believing prayer, in the blessed word of God, and in holy communion with our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

May all the loved ones, and the many friends of Lillian, who are gathered here to-day, journey in the path which leads where she has gone, and one by one pass through the same gateway into the Eternal City of God.

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From Mrs. H. McLear.

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

When on my ear your loss was knelled,  
And tender sympathy upburst,  
A little spring from memory welled,  
Which once at quenched my bitter thirst;  
And I was fain to bear to you  
A portion of its mild relief,  
That it might be a healing dew,  
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath  
Up to the Father took its sway,  
And on our home the shade of Death,  
Like a long twilight, haunting lay,  
And friends came round, with us to weep  
Her little spirit swift removed,  
The story of the "Alpine Sheep"  
Was told to us by one we loved.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,  
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,  
And when the sod grows brown and bare,  
The Shepherd strives to make them climb  
To airy shelves of pasture green,  
That hang along the mountain-side,  
Where grass and flowers together lean,  
And down through mists the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things  
The steep and rugged path to try,  
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,  
And seared below the pastures lie,  
Till in his arms his lambs he takes,  
Along the dizzy verge to go,  
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,  
They follow on o'er rock and snow.  
And in those pastures, lifted fair,  
More dewy soft than lowland mead,  
The Shepherd drops his tender care,  
And sheep and lamb together feed.

This parable, by Nature breathed,  
Blew on me as the south wind free,  
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed  
From icy thralldom to the sea.  
A blissful vision through the night  
Would all my happy senses sway,  
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,  
Or climbing up the starry way,



Holding, our little lamb asleep,  
While, like the murmur of the sea,  
Sounded that voice along the deep,  
Saying, Arise, and follow me.

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METZ, Germany, April 24, 1881.

**MY POOR, DEAR SISTER KATE:**

It was with a trembling heart that I broke the seal of the last letter from Owego, written in a strange hand. With the deepest sorrow did I read that dear, sweet Lillian had been called away from you—that you had given up your darling to God's keeping, and must now seek her among that blissful company of angels and pure spirits that we hope to meet hereafter. Dear Kate, I trust I need not assure you that I feel with you most truly and sincerely, and that I deeply lament the premature death of your lovely daughter, whose warm little heart, whose gifted young mind, whose beautiful face, made her the idol of your heart. Really, it seems almost too much to bear—so many other heartaches—and now, such a terrible wound; such a giving up of all your hopes; such a laying down of that dear little form, in the cold, dark grave—it is too sad. But, dear sister, even though you loved your Lilly with all the warmth and fervor of a mother's love, God loved her more, and therefore early marked her for His own—took her to His breast, where she is in the full possession of joy and happiness, that we cannot even picture to ourselves with mortal eyes. Think of your darling, arrayed in the shining robes of bliss, all smiles, all happiness, and think what she has been spared, to have been taken away unspotted from the world. What a short but what a happy life was hers, and she has left you to be happier still. It is difficult to

forget one's own feelings and think only of others, but a mother's love will bear the palm, even in such a case; and, although with a bleeding heart, I know that you will yet learn to bow submissively to God's will, and say: "Thy will be done." And, dear Kate, though you are a very poor and deeply bereft mother, you have still another child left to comfort you—to be your stay and support; and God grant that Victor may grow up to be all you ever wished or hoped. Henry sends his warmest love and the expressions of his deepest sympathy. How I wish I could place a wreath on Lillian's grave—(dear little one, how sweet she was.) Mother will deeply deplore her death. I, of course, sent the letter on immediately. Dear Kate, try to bear up for Victor's sake; you have him to live for, and many others that love you dearly. Love from Emily, and a warm embrace from your loving sister,

ANNA F. HARNICKELL.

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April 15, 1881.

MY DEAR MRS. HARNICKELL:

If it were possible for me to say *one* word only that would be of comfort to you, how thankful would I be. You certainly have my deepest sympathy in this hour of darkness and trial, and I feel *now* that I can truly sympathize with you, feel part of your affliction as I never could before. Too lately have I had my sorrow to forget its sharpest pang; the wounds are still open, though the Mighty Healer has been very kind to me. In that dark hour all the comfort I had was from Him who I felt had never forsaken me.

I often wonder how I bore my trial, but it was only through constant prayer for help from above. Then the shock was so great I was stunned. Do you know I love to think that one

of the last persons with Mama was your little Lillian, and now she is with her again. What a joyful meeting it will be for us when we get there—home at last—with our loved ones to meet us. How kind Providence has been in allowing us to have lived with these dear ones as long as we have—to have known them as we did.

Think how many trials little Lillian has been spared, and how *happy* she is now. Could we but see them for one moment. I feel sure we would not wish them back. That you may have strength to bear this great affliction is my constant prayer. Will you not try to read Longfellow's poem, "Resignation"—it is so lovely, so sympathizing? My heart aches for you, and I do hope you may be comforted. With sincere love,

Your sympathizing friend,

JULIA J. BUSH.

WILMINGTON.

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SYRACUSE, April 20, 1881.

BEREAVED COUSIN, KITTY HARNICKELL:

The sad news of Lillie's death, so sudden and unexpected, affected me deeply, and I can not refrain from tendering you my heartfelt sympathy in your great, irreparable bereavement. Lillie was a very bright, sweet dispositioned, a very lovely child of singular promise. I have a lively sense of the heavy and crushing blow that has come upon you. Nor are you the sole mourner over her early departure.

It is very gratifying to me to be told by sister Eliza that Lillie cherished a sincere respect and regard for her cousin Horace. Accept affectionate assurance of my deep and earnest sympathy. Your cousin,

H. A. BROOKS.

WILMINGTON, April 3.

DEAR KITTIE:

We have heard, through Sam., of dear little Lillian's illness; but were in hopes she would recover. Alas, the sad news came to us that her light had gone out, and she had passed from time to eternity—that the good Shepherd had taken the lamb in his bosom, where she will never know sickness or pain again.

Oh! my dear friend, we know how your very life was wrapped up in the dear child; but remember, your loss is her eternal gain. I hope you will find consolation in the words of Jesus, when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." We do sympathize deeply with you, in this, your sad bereavement; indeed, we *all* feel like mourners, as you know Lilly was a great favorite with us. We shall miss her bright face and charming ways. But her death here will be nothing to the void made in your home. We know words are inadequate to express sympathy in such deep affliction, when our rebellious hearts find it hard to say "Thy will be done."

The stroke is heavy, we know, but the arm of Jesus is strong, and He is willing to bear all burdens of those who will rely on Him. May your faith grasp the promise. Anna joins us with sincere sympathy.

UNCLE THOMAS AND AUNT JANE.

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MEDIA, April 4, 1881.

MY DARLING COUSIN:

How I wish I could take you in my arms and, my tears falling with yours, tell you how sorry, *how very sorry!* I feel for you. Twice, have I tasted this bitter cup, and oh! how my

heart's deepest sympathy goes out to you! How gladly would I have saved you this terrible sorrow, but what helpless human beings we are.

And now, my dear Kate, instead of our doing for them, *they are doing for us*, what they never could have done in this life. Lilly has thrown to you, like Anna to me, a golden chain, binding us to the everlasting Heaven above. What a glorious "going home" it will be, after a while, but we have dear ones left on this side to care for yet awhile.

Dear Cousin, you are constantly in my thoughts. How I wish I could have been with Lilly during her sickness, to have done some little thing for the darling. The card enclosed I bought for Lilly a few days since. How little I realized when I bought that, "The Lord's own Jerusalem," would be Lilly's heritage so soon. God bless and comfort you, my dear cousin, and Aunt Wallis the same.

With sympathy and love beyond measure.

Your cousin,

ADELE PRICE.

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April 1, 1881.

MY DEAR KITTIE:

I have only *just* heard, through Lou, of the death of your darling little Lillie. How I wish I might put my arms around you and tell you how *deeply* I sympathize and feel for you in this terrible bereavement. As it is, I weep with you and pray fervently and constantly, "God help her." There was something irresistibly sweet and interesting about Lillie, and I have always felt drawn towards her. Now, to think of as an angel, seems almost impossible. I know from experience how *impossible* it is to find comfort or see wisdom and love in such a *dealing* of providence. But try, dear Kittie, to trust. Think

of the suffering she has escaped, and from which your love, be it *ever* so strong, would be powerless to shield; and do not think of her as *gone* from you: Heaven will be nearer and dearer to you than ever before. You know how I have suffered ever since the death of my darlings, and 'tis from a heart, full of sorrow and sympathy, I wish I might comfort you. *Only* Jesus can. And after passing through such deep waters in the death of your brother and illness of your mother, it does seem more than human flesh can bear. I heard a day or two ago of Lillie's illness, and have been hoping and praying ever since. May you be sustained and comforted is the prayer of your sympathizing friend,

MRS. JAMES BARTON.

CHESTER.

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PORT DEPOSIT, April 7.

MY DEAR COUSIN:

Deeply sympathizing with you in the great affliction that has come upon you, and mingling sorrow with sorrow, I would gladly, if I could, lessen the great burden of your woe; but there is sorrow that human help cannot reach. There is very little we can say that will mitigate the keen anguish that death brings; nevertheless it is something to know there are those who weep with us when we weep, and are likewise touched when sore affliction overtakes us. We all felt so *very* sad when we received Anna's postal, telling of Lilly's death. Our hearts went out in deep sympathy for you. Whilst death is something we may expect, yet we are never prepared for the rending asunder of earth's fondest ties, the separation from loved ones, no more to be seen on earth. The thoughts are hard to contemplate or entertain even for a moment. It was kind of Anna to remember us in such hours of distress, as



your Lilly's death *must* have caused. They told me there was a Providence in it, that I was so sorely tried, but 'tis dark to me yet—too mysterious. Mother, Jennie and Nealie send much sympathy; also Neill and Vergie a heart full of love and sympathy.

Your fondly attached,

COUSIN GEORGIE.

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GREENWICH, April 20, 1881.

DEAR COUSIN KATE:

We yesterday received Anna's letter giving us the sad intelligence of your sudden and grievous affliction. I know how your heart is pained by the loss, to you, of a darling child, the sunshine and hope of your life. Full well I know the gloom this removal, of little Lillian from your sight, has cast upon all earthly things. You feel you can never be cheerful again. I can truly say you, my dear cousin, have my tenderest sympathy at this time. My heart goes out to you in love. I trust you will confide all your grief to One who is mighty to give you help, and I am sure He will look and regard you with a pitying eye and give you comfort. Your dear child is not *dead*, but is a precious jewel, safe in the tender arms of our Saviour. This is a knock at the door of your heart, beckoning you to look up to your Saviour-God, away from the perishable things of this earth—to give him your whole heart, and consecrate yourself to the service of the Master. Henry and family sympathize with you in this great trial and bereavement. The taking of your flower reminds us that we are in region and shadow of death, and it should teach us all to be living in habitual preparation of death. I would recommend you to the care of our Heavenly Father, and may you

look to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, and find  
peace.

Your loving cousin,

CARRIE MCFARLAND.

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WILMINGTON.

DEAR MRS. HARNICKELL:

While extending my heartfelt sympathy to you, in your great loss, I cannot but think that you have great reason for comfort. Dear Lillian! she was sent to you by our Heavenly Father, as an angelic visitor, too lovely for a prolonged stay in this world; too ethereal for the storms and trials which would have assailed her ere long. For ten years you were granted the joy of her companionship; as a babe she was lovely and sweet; and as her mind unfolded, it was bright and pure as the sunlight in the early morning. Her mental attainments were remarkable for a child of her years, while her physical strength did not proportionally increase.

Though we tried to conceal the fact from ourselves, her physical part was fading from us, while her mind and heart grew in beauty and goodness, in preparation for the great change which was so soon to come to her.

Do we mourn when the starlight, beautiful as it is, fades before the bright rising of the sun? Why, then, when she was prepared by our Heavenly Father for that bright abode to which he called her; and when she was so *little* able to enter into the strife for worldly happiness, should we sorrow that she has been removed from the necessity of it, and so soon given a place in the Kingdom of Our Father.

"Suffer little children to come unto me," is our Saviour's invitation to Lillian. Shall we "forbid" her to go? Shall we



wish her return? Rather let us rejoice that she is safe and happy; oh, so happy! and, endeavoring to train up those left to us, in the fear of God, let us wait with *patience* the little time left us here, before we shall meet the dear ones who have gone before, and there, in the "Sweet bye and bye," enjoy their companionship forever. With love and sympathy,

Very truly yours,

GEO. W. BUSH.

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WILMINGTON, April 15, 1881.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND:

I cannot tell you how shocked I was, a few days since, on being told of the terrible trouble which had befallen you, having heard nothing of your dear little daughter's illness. I wanted to write you at once, but felt no words from me could contain comfort to a heart so crushed as yours must be, and yet, I feel I must tell you how deeply I feel for and sympathize with you in your sad bereavement. I know how much dear little Lillian was to you, and how your *whole life* was wrapped up in her, also how sweet and lovely she was. Although I did not know her very well, I always thought her so lovable and interesting, and know no earthly friend can comfort or console you in this bitter trial. Only our dear Lord, who was Himself "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief," can heal the bruised and bleeding heart; He alone can fill your aching heart and empty arms, with His presence and love. Think of your darling as only gone before—in her purity and loveliness—escaped the trials of life, its sorrows and temptations—"Safe in the arms of Jesus"—one of the bright choir of angels, waiting to welcome you home. And, she is

not alone in that beautiful home of the soul, for dear Aunt Emma, who fondly loved her, and so often talked to me about "little Lillian" and her bright ways—is there to welcome and greet her. Dear Kittie, my heart aches for you, my tears mingle with yours, over a loss which only a mother can know the agony of. But it is not wrong to weep when our beloved ones leave us, for Jesus, Himself, wept at the tomb of Lazarus. He sympathizes with us, for "He has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." May He give you strength to bear this agonizing trial—comfort and console you. In my prayers you are not forgotten. With sincerest sympathy,

Your loving friend,

MARY K. MAUL.

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BINGHAMTON, April 26, 1881.

MY DEAR MRS. HARNICKELL:

I hear you have a beautiful angel in Heaven—but, you would, perhaps, think it out of place were I to congratulate you. O, how our eyes are holden that we cannot see.

Why seek we the living among the dead; they are not there. A veil hangs between you and the beautiful spirit which is yours, and gradually, as the long years slowly move on, it will grow thin, and the eyes of faith, ever looking upward, will see through—and where the treasure is, there the heart will be also.

I know what I am speaking of. The center of my heart lies upon the hill above you, and my whole being went with her so fully, that I can never wander far from the "gate" where she is waiting for me. I have learned much more about Heaven since she has been there, by studying everything referring to it, especially the bible, which was my constant companion for a long time after she went, and which

revealed to me so much, that I gradually grew to feel very near to her and her beautiful home.

I pray that you too may follow the *happy* spirit, and live so near to her and her Saviour—who are together now and ever will be—that you may never feel separated from her who has only “gone before.”

Yours in the deepest sympathy and love,

F. S. PORTER.

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NEW YORK, April 11.

MY DEAR KATE:

You can scarce conceive the pain and sorrow experienced on receiving Anna's letter telling of the death of your darling Lillian—your child, that has always seemed to us to be especially destined to give you comfort and happiness—a sweet, loving disposition, and always a thought for *your* comfort.

Our hearts go out to you, dear Kate, in this sad, sad affliction. We have twice met these losses. Our one dear child is a great comfort to us. She has carefully preserved the enclosed picture of Lillian. Should you copy it, we would be more than pleased to receive one. With kindest love to you, my poor dear child, your mother and sisters,

I am, your friend,

P. A. HEPBURN.

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NEW YORK, April 20.

MY DEAR COUSIN KATE:

I will not burden you with words in your great sorrow. I know too well, by sad experience, how bitter it is. So, too, I know that, after those three blackest days of my life, (following our Walter's death), Christ heard prayer, and came into

my heart to fill it with a strange, sweet sense of His presence and communion. This did not make me forget Walter, but how precious it was and has been since. And we "sorrow, not without hope." May it be so with you. Sarah joins in love to you.

HENRY MCFARLAND.

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DEAR MRS. HARNICKELL:

How we do miss the dear little things. The heart never ceases to long for the glorified children, and I guess that's the reason the dear Lord takes them to himself, so that our hearts may go after them, for "where the treasure is, there the heart must be also."

I could never tell a mother that it is *rebellious* to mourn. God *expects* us to, and pities us. No *words* can touch the case, but God's pity and love can soothe. He only, who made the sweet child, and who loves it, even *more* than mother can, is able to give sympathy to our souls.

I have found comfort in the last verse of Mrs. Browning's "Only a curl." Let me whisper it to you, and do *try*, when your loss seems greater than you can bear, let it occupy your mind. Don't tire of repeating it; its meaning will come to you, a little at a time "by and by."

"You know how one angel smiles there,

Then courage! 'Tis easy for you

To be drawn by a *single* gold hair

Of that curl, from earth's storms and despair

To the safe place above us, adieu."

Dear Mrs. Harnickell, if we were only *less* selfish. You know your Lillie is *so happy*. Only think of it, our timid,

shrinking little ones, happy without *us*. What a place Heaven must be. Can't you think it best to have her there, so pure and happy. *Your angel*, angel Lillie. You can grow more and more like her every year, until you are called to meet her. Heaven must seem nearer now that she is there.

I can realize how a mother can *never* become reconciled to the loss of a child; but we are not among that class. *We* can only mourn for angels, who were too sinless and pure for earth. When you think of your pure, spotless darling, realize what it *must be* to lose a *wicked* child.

“ Arms, empty of her child, she lifts  
With spirit unbereaven,  
God will not *all* take back His gifts  
*My Lilly's mine in Heaven!*  
Still *mine*, maternal rights serene.  
Not given to another,  
The crystal bars shine faint between  
The soul of child and mother.

Meanwhile the mother cries, content!  
Our love was well divided,  
Its sweetness following where *she* went,  
Its anguish staid where *I* did.  
Well done of God, to halve the lot,  
And give her *all* the sweetness,  
To *me*, the empty room and cot.  
To *her* the Heaven's completeness.

Grow fast in Heaven, sweet Lilly, clipped.  
In love more calm than this is,  
And may the angels, dewy lipped,  
Remind thee of my kisses.  
While none shall tell thee of our tears,  
These *human* tears now falling,  
Till after a few patient years,  
*One* home shall take us *all in*.”

[FROM A CHILD'S GRAVE IN FLORENCE, BY MRS. BROWNING.]

"*Be still* my heart! What can a mother's prayer,  
In all the wildest ecstasies of hope,  
Ask for its darling  
Like the *bliss of Heaven*."

Good bye. With sympathy drawing us near together, I am,  
most sincerely, Your friend,

NELLIE C. LORING.

OWEGO, June 23, 1881.

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### To Lillie in Heaven.

BY MRS. E. A. B. MITCHELL.

Fair flower of earth, dear angel child,  
Oh, beautiful, and undefiled,  
Thy mother's heart with grief is wild!

We cannot calm her angui-shed soul,  
Our words are powerless to control,  
Canst thou not comfort and console?

Float o'er her on thy snowy wings,  
Thy last sweet hymn above her sing,  
T'well soothe, perchance, her suffering.

And whisper in her dreams to-night  
Some word to tell thy new delight,  
The joy that fills thy home of light.

Kiss from her eyes the tears that start,  
And tender, loving thoughts impart,  
Of Him who heals the broken heart.

Ah, thou didst trust Him, gentle one,  
Nor fear with Him to tread alone,  
The valley dark, the path unknown.

If thou, a frail and timid thing,  
With fearless faith to Christ couldst cling  
Can she not trust, unquestioning?

I know God speaks to her through thee,  
And she in Heaven will clearer see  
How blest hath been thy ministry!

